Don't Be Good

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Don't Be Good

by EarthsickWithoutYou

Summary

Hannibal comes over with breakfast one morning and loses his mind over Will's little t-shirt and boxers outfit. That's it, that's the plot...

Notes

This story shares similar themes to the previous What If installment, "Love Language," namely, Season 1 morning sex, love confessions, and a sweet happy ending. I had actually written most of "LL" a few months earlier and took a break from it. In the meantime, I got the Hannibal Bingo prompt "Pajamas" and came up with this story.

Maybe I'll never get over what they could have had so much sooner if Hannibal had behaved differently (ie if he had behaved at all 🙄)💓.

“Well, I don't know when you learn it
But when you learn it, you learn it fast
They're the ones who love to learn
And they're not fast, they're nice guys
They finish last” - Chantal Kreviazuk

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Will didn’t care about pajamas. For months, he had worn the same thing to bed every night: a battered, soft old white t-shirt and a pair of grey boxer briefs. The reasoning for this attire was entirely sound: no point wearing one of his crisp and nicer white tees since he was only going to stain it with sweat. His underwear was comfortable, and he liked the way it hugged him. Wearing anything additional would make the sweat worse.

“Do you always wear that to bed?” Hannibal inquired rather coyly one early morning when he stopped by with coffee and some pastries he had made (meat pastry? Will had never had it before, seemed weird but so was Hannibal, and anyway…it smelled good…)

…and so did Hannibal

Ahem.

“Yeah, I mean, I guess I always wear this,” Will shrugged with a yawn.

He supposed he could have grabbed a robe, but why? Not like it was Alana or anyone else likely to be scandalized by his simple, uninteresting male physique on display.

“You want cream for your coffee? You take cream, I think I remember from…”

“I do,” Hannibal responded with a pointed look. His voice was soft but somehow reproving.

Will didn’t understand why, or why his stomach seemed to flutter at the sight and sound of this particular delivery from his therapist, but then he guessed it must be hunger.

Hannibal stood in Will’s quaint kitchen, leather gloves in his hand, his winter coat still on and accentuating his broad shoulders. With his slicked-back hair, intellectual expression and aloof demeanor, he seemed to clash totally with everything about Will’s house: the rustic decor, the fishing gear neatly stacked by the back door, the low hum of classic rock from the radio, definitely the seven dogs milling around the guest’s legs.

With an appeasing smile that set off an odd twinge in Will’s heart, Hannibal leaned down and patted each dog on the head. There was an indulgent sparkle in his eyes that made Will strangely jealous of his own pets. It was so easy for them to get Hannibal’s hands on them–

“Alright,” Hannibal chuckled, looking more innocent and sweet than usual. He broke up one of the meat pastries and gave them each a morsel, earning fond nuzzles and a few attempted kisses.

But the fancy therapist was only willing to risk getting just so much pet hair on his suit. There was something so cute about that, it only made Will more nervous, almost frantically so. Almost? He let out a choked sort of giggle that sounded to his own ears like a startled chicken.

“Now, now,” Hannibal laughed gently, “Will?”

Will whistled, then nodded towards the space heater in the living room. The house was open enough they could see the other room from there, and he liked it this way. He hated the idea of not seeing anything that might be coming for him; he had to be ready to face any peril – it had been so long since life felt safe.

The dogs obediently trotted to their pillows and sank into them for a rest.

“Sorry about that,” Will laughed, nervous. Palms sweating, well. He guessed he didn’t get much company out there, so that must be why.

“I know the risks when I come here, Will.” Hannibal looked at him discerningly, still looking like a rich patron at a fancy art exhibit.

Which would make Will the art. Hannibal’s eyes were locked on Will, about as casually as a man could stare. His eyes were pretty, Will realized, and the twinge happened again, the flutter, followed by sweat on the back of his neck and a small, quivering awakening in his groin. *Um*,

Okay, okay. Will usually got a hard on first thing in the morning, *so that must be the reason*…

He thought about getting a robe to hide his morning wood, yet an odd flash of daring caught him by the senses and made him deny the idea. Instead, he met Hannibal’s enveloping gaze and said softly, “Want orange juice?”

Hannibal licked his lips. His eyes traveled up and down Will’s body. Back to Will’s mouth, then his eyes.

“No,” Hannibal answered. His voice husky.

He didn’t say “no thank you,” which would have been strangely rude and uncharacteristically abrupt but for some reason it made Will feel that Hannibal was trying to tell him something else that had nothing to do with the half-empty carton of store brand juice in his hand.

“The pastries smell really good,” Will said awkwardly, suddenly unsure where to put the carton. He remembered about the small glass he had taken out for himself but settled for chucking the carton down on the counter, knowing he would spill if he tried to pour.

“Yes.”

“Nice of you to bring them. To think of me, and um, come by with breakfast…”

“Thinking of you is hardly an unusual occurrence for me,” Hannibal responded.

His steady gaze was starting to feel heavier and Will felt like it made flames lick all over his skin.

“I think about you, too, Dr. Lecter,” Will smiled.

He fluttered his eyelashes and let his lips go very soft, the smile a provocative question, his angelic expression a tease. His own boldness shocked him, but he seemed to be unable to hold back a rush of new instincts taking him over.

“That’s very flattering.”

Will shook his head, laughing self-consciously, blushing. “I’m sure people think about *you* all the time. There’s probably about a hundred people in the Maryland-Virginia area thinking about the brilliant Dr. Hannibal Lecter in one context or another right now.”

“Probably.” Hannibal’s tone carried no ego, as if he had no time to indulge it. This was simply the truest assumption to the suggested notion. “And yet, I’m not concerned with what anyone *else* is thinking about me.”

“Oh, what am I doing?” Will sighed belatedly. “I never even took your coat or invited you to sit down.”

He was beet red by now from all the unaccustomed and overwhelming flattery, the attention that made him crave more. The pride and excitement of being the focus for this brilliant, handsome man who could spend time with anyone but chose to come to Will, the biggest fucking mess he’d probably ever met.

“Hardly a criminal offense,” Hannibal smiled. His eyes seemed so dark, the pupils dilated. “And it’s not too late.”

“Okay,” he nodded. Tried not to scramble across the room or trip over his own bare feet.

He got to Hannibal feeling a little dazed. Didn’t know what was happening or why, just didn’t want it to stop.

Will stood in his t-shirt and boxers and nothing else with Hannibal there in that gorgeous, tailored three piece suit and designer coat, so much sophistication and elegance. So many layers.

Only a few inches difference in their heights, so why did Hannibal seem to be towering over him in every way that mattered? Will looked up at him and let out a rueful little sigh.

He could almost taste how good it would be, but he just couldn’t bring himself to believe it was a real possibility. This was surely another of his silly fantasies, the preludes to his many rejections. He knew the pattern.

But his heart seemed to think life’s needle had skipped that same old boring groove.

“Can I take your coat, Dr. Lecter?”

“If you want to.” He tilted his head slightly to one side, curious, challenging or both. “Do you want to, Will?”

“That’s a nice cologne you’re wearing.”

Small talk, almost frenzied. The spice and manliness of Hannibal’s scent made his head spin. The older man was so warm Will could feel his body heat radiating from inches away. Now that he’d been up for a while, he wasn’t so hot himself from his nightmares and actually he was kind of freezing. The temptation to seal his whole body against Hannibal’s and hide in his coat was altogether too appealing.

“Hmm.”

Will didn’t think he’d ever seen Hannibal look quite so tense, like a predator about to pounce, and he had certainly never heard him say “hmm” and nothing else.

“I probably smell terrible,” he forced another nervous laugh, “I’m sorry. I have those nightmares like I told you, and they make me sweaty.”

“They certainly do.” Hannibal placed his hand on the back of Will’s neck and began to languidly massage. “I could smell it when I arrived.”

“I…I’m, um, didn’t have a chance to shower…”

“Good. I like the way you smell.” His fingers had wandered into Will’s hair, stroking the curls, playing with them a little, very attentive.

As if he had wanted to do that forever.

“I’m glad I didn’t offend you,” he said, only it came out as the most fragile whisper. His heart galloped out of control.

“You’re incapable of offending me, sweetheart.” He traced Will’s upper back with one finger right above the neckline of the t-shirt.

The touch and the endearment drew a surprised moan from the younger man. “Dr. Lecter?”

“Agent Graham.” Hannibal gave him a look that had to be rated X and definitely, definitely felt like more than Will could handle. “I thought you intended to take my coat.”

“I don’t want to,” Will said boldly, although he seemed to be trembling all over.

Hannibal was cupping his face, his thumb sweeping over Will’s cheek and then his mouth.

“I like it,” he managed to add. “You, looking like that, dressed from head to toe in all those layers, so elegant, while I’m…” he huffed a soft laugh, “in my pajamas.”

“You provoking, naughty boy,” Hannibal responded. “Have you any idea what I’d like to do to you right now? For answering the door to me twice now wearing that irresistible little outfit, like a wanton slut teasing me?”

Will gasped at the dirty talk. He suddenly wanted nothing more than to be a wanton slut. Why wasn't it insulting or demeaning? Coming from Hannibal, it seemed somehow downright worshipful. The older man's eyes deified him, seeing in Will what Will never saw in himself.

"Do you like that, baby?" Hannibal crowded Will against the table, then tugged his hair lightly. Will moaned even louder.

The doctor smiled approvingly. "Want to show me what a good boy you are, how you're saving all your tight, skimpy little outfits for me just in case I should happen to visit? Standing there showing off your beautiful body and those big blue eyes? Yes? You wanted my attention, now you have it."

"Yes, yes," Will nodded desperately. "Please, I– I did want your attention, badly, I didn't let myself understand how much till now–"

He went on his tiptoes and pressed his lips to Hannibal's with an aching sigh.

Instead of responding gently to let Will get used to the absolutely insane sudden shift in their relationship, much less kissing a man, Hannibal responded by picking Will right off his feet and sitting him on the table while licking aggressively into his mouth.

"Good boy," he muttered, nibbling Will's lower lip, licking and sucking it. His hands, one of them still absent-mindedly holding his gloves, were roughly grabbing Will's hips. It felt like an assertion of ownership. "What do you want?"

"I don't know," Will sighed, bereft of thought, his body having taken over the proceeding completely. And his body wanted to melt into absolutely any wicked little thing this exotic, mysterious man cared to do to him.

"Liar," Hannibal accused, surprising Will with a soft slap of his strong hand to one of Will's stubbled cheeks, which turned it even pinker.

Will's eyes went big as saucers and he panted out a cry of surprised arousal "I– what're you, why–"

Hannibal kissed him again, this time using his teeth to draw out Will's lower lip just a little. Releasing him, he added under his breath, "Stop asking so many questions, little tease. You know what this is. Tell me what you want or I'll give you nothing." He licked Will's ear and bit the lobe to accentuate his point.

Will felt the words like a bucket of ice water. If Hannibal stopped now, Will genuinely believed he might drop dead on the spot.

"I want you to kiss me again, please," Will begged, slippery palms on the back of Hannibal's coat feeling the fine wool, taking in the older man's powerful, commanding presence, willing to be swallowed whole by that intensity.

Hannibal smiled, amused at the fast way the profiler blurted out the truth once he threatened to withdraw his affections.

“Since you remembered your manners this time,” Hannibal appeased, but as for being a tease, his kisses had gone soft, tentative – tormentingly so. His mouth brushed slowly, too carefully against Will’s. “I know you can behave, can’t you, baby?”

“Yes, but…you said I could never offend you,” Will bit his own lip between kisses, since Hannibal had stopped doing it.

Obsessed already, he needed to feel the indentations of Hannibal’s teeth. Hoping to break the doctor’s resistance again, even knowing he was in deep, unknown waters far over his head, he batted his long, dark lashes up at the therapist.

Hannibal looked at him as if he had just poured a six pack of beer all over his office couch. He recovered quickly, the "*how dare you*" glare changing into a dark playfulness.

“No, you can’t offend me.” He tapped Will’s nose fondly. “You have me half-crazed for you, and with a single flutter of your eyelashes might convince me to do anything at all. But my affection doesn’t mean I won’t give you a good spanking if you provoke me. It actually ensures it. And, in fact, I might well give you the spanking of your lifetime for absolutely no reason except that I want to.”

Will’s mouth dropped open. His eyes widened (were they going to get stuck like that?) and he quivered harder at the mere thought of Dr. Lecter and his stern, big hands slapping his ass until it bounced and turned red, aching. How centered that would make him feel, how safe, even amidst the thrill, the pain and the turn-on.

Searching for words, he found that he remembered none, and Hannibal smiled, pleased.

“I’ve managed to render you speechless, I see.”

He stood between Will’s legs and kissed him, over and over, while what began slightly frustrated and accusing, therefore tentative, turned wildly passionate.

Hannibal’s mouth tasted and felt amazing, like the most addictive, warm, delicious – his tongue, his teeth, the skill and shameless dominance of his kisses. Will moaned for more, tugging haphazardly at Hannibal’s shirt, revealed by his coat, which was unbuttoned but still there.

“I want you to leave this on,” he murmured, hearing a broken sob of arousal in his own voice with a continued sensation of embarrassment that left him dying of lust and neediness. “And do whatever you want to me. Please?”

“You’d let me, wouldn’t you, my beauty?” Hannibal considered the offer, handling Will just a bit roughly, steering him firmly and moving him around as if Will was a doll for him to position as he pleased.

“I don’t know what else to…Dr. Lecter, I think that I need you.”

Hannibal's expression shifted. Will might be horny and in some kind of shock, but he recognized that Hannibal seemed…tenderly guilty?

He must really be losing it. Well, in more than one way. Sat on the kitchen table with Hannibal's two hands on his knees spreading him confidently, he melted into every dominating touch, weak, soft, trembling.

"Will." Hannibal looked beside himself with a longing that Will could not accept as real. He cupped Will's face and looked into his eyes as if daring him, too, to be a fantasy. He closed his eyes and swallowed. "*Will*."

"What are we doing?" Will asked in a daze, dizzy, panting and kissing Hannibal all of a sudden, rebellious hands of their own volition grabbing his smooth clothes and palming at his body, wanting everything he'd never had and had not known he wanted till now.

So different, so new, enticing, strange. Hard muscle, no soft place to be found save a little when his hands grazed Hannibal's belly, then got brave enough to ever so briefly rub over the doctor's ass.

Hannibal growled.

Because of Will. Somehow, he had the power to unhinge Hannibal Lecter. What the hell was he supposed to do with that knowledge?

"Pretty, wicked, bad little boy." Hannibal roughly tweaked Will's nipples, enjoying his latest gasp of surprise. "Good boy."

"Which one am I?" Will asked, quivering hands playing with the older man's belt buckle. "Ummm, good or bad?"

"Both, which means you need twice as much of my attention."

And Will's lips were devoured again, each time more aggressively, a bruising, relentless onslaught of kisses, so hard that their teeth clashed, so uncoordinated and sloppy that Will liked it even better. As if there was this special, hidden part of Hannibal which only he got to see, the lover, the animal within.

"I love your mouth," Will said breathily, and Hannibal clutched at him, his hair, his body, slowing down with the kisses, making them velvety-smooth now.

Will closed his eyes, too, taking in the warm, full, wet way Hannibal kissed now, desperately sensual. Hannibal, who seemed to keep softly groaning and saying, in an increasingly raspy way that Will found slightly frightening, "*Will*."

Why should he be afraid? Jesus, he'd waited over a year for some intimacy, and longer than that to make a real connection with someone who truly wanted him, reciprocated his own feelings.

Just the fact that he knew his feelings for Hannibal were real was enough to feel stripped down past skin and bone. He usually struggled to find the line between his own desires and

his partners', even his own personality and theirs if he spent a significant amount of time in their company. He'd start to siphon off their energy to hide his own.

With Hannibal, he'd always known somehow, there was no need to hide; as if he would always be accepted for exactly who he was. As if he was home. So yes, this was scary. Since when did Will get to have things, anything good and suggesting he was worthy, anything built to last? He put his admiration for the doctor, plus the thought of reciprocation in a fort of fragile blocks, and he could foresee himself getting too haplessly obsessed with keeping it up when inevitably, time would knock it over or slowly reduce Hannibal's interest in him, block by block. This was terrifying.

"Oh, Will..." Hannibal mouthed intently at Will's neck and scented him, gently kissing, slowly allowing his pecks to become open-mouthed, insatiable kisses and then building to licking against Will's skin.

His physical affection seemed to be like waves from the most beguiling sea, rolling in calmly, encompassing him gently, until the wind picked up and the waves grew bigger, wild and immense. Will was lost in those tides.

He writhed on the table, hooked his legs around Hannibal and pressed them even closer.

"Mylimasis," Hannibal looked lost somewhere far away and hazy. "I want you…"

He clasped Will's face in his hands and kissed his mouth again, hard and demanding. Large, firm hands roved down Will's back and groped his bottom, several times rhythmically, lifting him off the table each time as if he weighed nothing. At any brief separation, Hannibal's tongue flicked against Will's, teasing him to moans that were getting louder and higher in pitch.

Vaguely, he knew of "mylimasis" as a Lithuanian endearment, like "darling" or even "my love," but he tried convincing himself he must have misheard the exotic and sensuous word that sent shivers down his spine. Hannibal said the foreign endearment as if it meant *Will,* the concepts impossible to see as different: Will was his love, his love was Will –

Why does he keep saying my name, as if it means something? Matters?

Will Graham. So what? That's what Will and most other people would say with a shrug at the topic of the unstable and annoyingly awkward agent who made everyone feel a little too uncomfortable with his eerie presence.

And yet it was the tenderness with which Hannibal said that one meager syllable representing a human who normally caused others to recoil, even for Will to recoil from himself, that was the part that made the floor and the table and the walls and the quiet music from his bedroom over there and the sullen low barks of the dogs wanting more treats and the numbing misery of his self-hatred seem to fade from his understanding.

And then the intoxicating, hungry vigor that boiled impatiently right under the surface of Hannibal's controlled kisses and touches on his body made Will feel absolutely undone.

He was so hard, it hurt, his cock wet at the tip and bulging in his apparently controversial briefs; getting more so with every knowing, skilled caress and squeeze of Hannibal's hands on his body, deftly and with rough gropes followed by smooth caresses finding curves like his pecs and his ass and thighs, and then his slender waist and delicate hips, the strong muscles in his biceps, yes every single one of these touches made Will wild, falling apart.

"Oh God," he whimpered, touch-starved senses going mental. He could just about take the onslaught of caresses, groping and delighted admiration; it was hauntingly pleasurable in a way that hurt immensely. There were his hands up under Hannibal's coat and slipped into the older man's suit, under his jacket, touching with reverence his sophisticated waistcoat, the buttons holding it over that big, powerful body.

Falling apart in Hannibal's hands, thousands of petals that had once formed the flower of his being, deconstructed to flutter away. Inside, at the core of him there was that other Will hiding behind glasses and messy hair, old flannel shirts and gloomy glares. The Will who was dark and unyielding in his murderous urges, who had frankly insane sexual proclivities unfurled in twisted, outrageous nightmares that found him waking up hard, wet and ashamed. He wasn't ashamed now.

"What are we doing?" Will whispered again, light-headed, and then Hannibal's tongue was stroking his again, delicately, languidly, possessively tasting and claiming. Moving onto his neck with sucking kisses so intense they made a wet noise. Will let out a fragile whimper and grabbed at his therapist again. "How did we get here?"

"Don't be so frightened. I promise to make it good for you. If you only knew…I…don't…" Hannibal caught his breath, mouth kiss-swollen.

"I won't lie and say that I've always been perfectly straightforward and honest with you, Will; I won't even lie and tell you that I'm an honest person in general, even a good one, though I'm quite the expert at hiding it." He pressed his lips together, huffed a conflicted sigh. "Instead, I'll do the unheard of and tell you the truth: at this moment, I can't remember ever wanting anything as much as I want you right now. And, I certainly cannot conceive I'll ever want, perhaps even need much else. You have me spellbound. And you've hoodwinked me without realizing it, pulled me into your waters by a siren song. Yet now you hesitate to drown me."

Will's lips quirked at the over-the-top mythical metaphor. "Do you usually talk this much during sex?"

Hannibal laughed gently, tugging Will's hair just a little. "*No.* In fact, I never talk during sex, but this is different. This is you."

"God, I hate the idea of you having sex with anyone else," Will found himself blurting before he could stop himself. He turned bright red. "I mean – I'm sorry."

"Don't be sorry." Hannibal's eyes blazed at him, dark and consuming. "Lift your arms."

Will did as he was told. And Hannibal slowly pulled his t-shirt over his head. Just Will's same old boring, slightly sweaty t-shirt, nothing special about it, yet Hannibal half-looked

like he wanted to bury his nose in it or frame it.

“Stunning,” Hannibal marveled. He looked like a god, sculpted and gorgeous, elegant and intimidating. And there he stood in this tiny rustic kitchen, looking right at Will, his gaze trailing lustfully from Will’s eyes to his lips before taking in another eyeful of his naked torso.

Will’s eyes were huge and ocean blue, still locked on Hannibal’s every minute shift of expression, every move he made with his hands so deft and sure, stroking Will’s legs where they were still framing his hips and trembling nonstop. His warm fingers made small, soothing circles on Will’s thighs.

“You like this, being nearly naked and soon to be entirely so,” Hannibal reflected. He tilted his head slightly, “And me, fully dressed, even in my coat. You could buck the reins of our power imbalance, but it seems all you really want is for me to tighten the ropes.”

His voice was nearly hoarse with intensity and he couldn’t seem to stop lavishing his eyes on Will, seeming to lay further claim on him with the smolder of it all.

“That’s…” Will dropped his head shyly, “I think…I mean…”

“Will?” Hannibal reproved sternly. He took Will by a handful of curls and tugged harder than previously.

Will moaned and cried, “What? And ow, by the way.”

“Oh, really? Does it hurt, baby?” Hannibal pulled his hair harder and glowered over him, beastly dark eyes sparkling. “Beautiful, wonderful, incomparable Will. You do insist on being a teasing, petulant, unbearably humble and adorable little slut and it tries my resistance sorely.”

“Good,” Will said, shocked at his own boldness. He gave Hannibal a daring, sassy look, “If you have this strong an effect on me, maybe I’d like to change you a little, too.”

“A little?” Hannibal shook his head and held Will’s still, demanding eye contact. “You’ve been my patient for two months now, and we’ve spent a great deal of time together. You’ve become my friend, dearer to me despite my attempts to suppress the inappropriate desire. I have been your touchstone and the only link you’ve found to stability of late, and that’s partially because I am in a position of authority over you, and you *like* it.”

“Yes, Dr. Lecter,” Will whispered again, intuiting that Hannibal enjoyed his submissive, boyish behavior.

His world had narrowed, to his exhilarated relief, to the single focus of pleasing Hannibal. What else could matter? What did he used to care about? Nothing he needed, surely, not like this.

His eyes were wet with pain at the yank on his hair, but he merely leaned into Hannibal’s touch, wanting more, even the pain. He would endure and love anything to be this close to

Hannibal; he knew that now.

Hannibal elaborated, releasing the younger man's hair and stroking it slowly, "I make you feel very safe. And I like that too. This has made me, in turn, exceedingly happy, until my ability to stay away from you outside of appointment times became embarrassingly nonexistent. I've no right to stand here undressing you in many different ways that won't be easy for either of us, but the hounds of hell themselves couldn't hold me back. Tell me, Will, am I in charge?"

Will crushed himself against Hannibal, wrapping his arms and legs desperately around the older man. He nuzzled into Hannibal's chest and inhaled, getting dizzy with the cologne and warmth. As if nothing could ever hurt him again and as if he could simply hide there forever. If Hannibal wrapped his arms around him, Will thought he probably –

Hannibal wrapped his arms around Will, but rather more aggressively than expected, perhaps even to him. He growled again, quietly feral, grabbing Will's ass and pressing their bodies tightly together so that Will's cotton-clad erection brushed against his own hardness under suit trousers.

Biting at Will's neck more insistently, he murmured, "I know what you need. How extraordinary, that we should need so much of the same thing, reflecting each other perfectly. How surreal you are, a feast for the senses."

Will sighed as Hannibal marked his neck. "I like this, too," he admitted, mewling delicately at the bites. "No one ever…"

"Good." Hannibal looked at him sternly for even suggesting that anyone else had "ever." "Since it's only me who should be marking you."

Will shivered. "How else do you plan to mark me, Dr. Lecter?"

"Deeper than you can imagine."

Their lips met again in scorching, erotic kisses and they ground their hardness together with mutual moans. How fast Will learned! In seconds he was made aware of an entire set of bodily instincts and passions which for many years had been submerged under the concept of not being attracted to men. Oh, Hannibal pulled it all out of him, easier than breathing.

Hannibal's hand slipped down the back of Will's underwear and kneaded his sensitive skin, fondling the firm muscle and soft curves of his ass.

"Angel, how very perfect," he kissed Will with abandon, his index finger now tentatively tracing over the younger man's hole.

Will shuddered, his body seeming all at once to clench, as if Hannibal was already inside him and he didn't want to let go. "Oh…Dr. Lecter…"

"Yes, Will? What else?" Hannibal hooked his fingers into the waistband of Will's underwear. "Tell me."

“Can I whisper it to you?” Will asked shakily. He felt so small and needy. Empty, needing to be filled.

“You know that you may, my mischievous, pretty little imp. What do you think you could ask me that I could deny?”

“I’m guessing not this,” Will said with another bashful smile. And he leaned up, clasped Hannibal’s face and whispered in his ear, “I want you to fuck me.”

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Hannibal’s eyes blazed down on him and he unleashed a throaty tirade under his breath in Lithuanian. It seemed to involve numerous expletives; Will didn’t know how he guessed that, he just knew.

“I have to slow down,” Hannibal said in a fevered way with his forehead pressed to Will’s while they panted like they were running a marathon, paused between kisses merely to breathe.

Their lips wouldn't seem to take no for an answer, even for the moment; instinctively their faces tilted while whisper-light brushes of insatiable mouths threatened to explode into harsher passion.

“I have to slow down,” Hannibal repeated, as if in an ongoing, tense argument with his baser instincts.

“No, you don’t,” Will explained haphazardly, “It’s fine, I don’t mind at all.”

“I mind. You’re exquisite, and should be treated as such.”

“I’m not sure I can handle somebody being nice to me in bed, I…Hannibal? It’s been a really long time.”

The doctor smiled at this use of his first name. Will dragged the syllables out as his Southern accent surfaced in a drowsy pronunciation.

“Yes, I can see that. My, my what a state you’re in.”

Shivering, hugging and pulling confusedly at Hannibal, Will blushed and dropped his head in shame.

But Dr. Lecter tipped his chin up with one finger appraisingly, not at all displeased. “You’re so sensitive, my darling,” he added in a low rumble.

He palmed gently at Will’s cock through the boxer briefs, sucking in a breath just after Will did, his eyes bright blue and panicked with pleasure.

“I’ve always felt that a perfect lover would be incredibly responsive. That I would want every touch to be its very own kind of sweet torment. Really, Will, you are beautiful, brilliant, adorably out of depths, endearing and…what more could I ask?

“I’m sorry,” Will shook his head, eyes squeezed shut. “I can’t…believe it. You couldn’t mean that.”

“You can believe it, sweetheart. You won’t disintegrate if you stop treating yourself with the same disregard which others bestow on you. And don’t worry. I said that I would make it good and that in consideration of it being your first time with a man, I would be careful. But I don’t recall saying that I would be nice to you, Will. And I do prefer to be taken at my word.”

Hannibal smiled, hopping Will down from the table like a youngster who had been good during his annual doctor’s appointment. Good enough to get a lollipop…oh, Jesus.

His feet were only on the floor for a few seconds before he was swept off of them and into Hannibal’s arms, to be taken where the older man chose while his perceptions swooped dizzily.

He couldn’t remember being picked up by anyone else; even the times when of course it had been frequent in baby and toddler years were lost or too faded to recall.

Hannibal’s hold on him was easy and firm. There was no part of Will in control of what happened, no choices offered but surrender.

“I’ve heard that nice guys finish last,” Will mumbled confusedly as Hannibal carried him to the bed.

The therapist laid Will down and admired him again, thoughtfully. Then, slowly and intently as Will trembled on the bed, half-naked and baffled, Hannibal began to undo his own belt buckle and slide down his fly.

Will stared in amazed terror and desire as Hannibal’s cock came into view. It seemed huge, and while intimidated, his mouth watered. God, Hannibal was so sexy with just his cock out, otherwise dressed to the nines with the utmost dignity and style.

“All these years, being such a nice boy, Will, only to be told that nice guys finish last.” Hannibal smiled wickedly and wrapped a hand around his own cock, slowly stroking. “Not this time.”

***

At first, Will attempted to pleasure Hannibal with awkward, amateurish moves, or to help with his own positioning by, well, *moving* when it seemed to be necessary. Each time, his kisses and touches would be leaned into and accepted, then he’d be pinned or shoved back down to the bed while Hannibal completely took over again.

“Will,” Hannibal purred, two fingers deep in Will’s tight ass, starting to slide his long, slick digits in and out while the younger man grabbed his free wrist and squeezed almost tight enough to cut off circulation. “Relax, baby. Trust me as you have always trusted me in session. Haven’t I always taken care of you?”

“Yes,” Will whimpered, trying to calm his body. Or even move it into Hannibal’s thrusts when they sped up and got to feeling damn good instead of just weird and new. Maybe Hannibal would be proud he got brave enough to–

“No,” the doctor warned, easily stopping the profiler from arching his hips and taking his fingers deeper. “Do as you’re told. Relax, stop trying to take over as if you have some kind of responsibility to participate.”

Will could have melted into the bed at those words. Every other time he’d slept with someone, he’d done “all the work” out of a desperate wish to give pleasure and to make the other person find him worthy, though the latter never seemed to last.

And here was Hannibal, so on fire for him that his eyes bore into Will’s as his big, thick fingers fucked him harder, sliding in and out of Will’s clenching heat and leaving electric trails of bliss in their wake.

Will had absolutely no idea how he’d explain this feeling if he had to; prostate stimulation was something he had never really thought of trying. Well, maybe he would have tried it sooner, bought himself some special toys, if he knew it felt like a flower of ecstasy was blooming inside him, if he knew that having this feeling of *fullness* in him made his mind clear and his emotions feel stable. It did not, however, lower his fever. He was sweating again, but the headache had fled, useless against the power of Hannibal’s obsessive, committed pleasuring of Will’s body.

Hannibal, his paddle in life’s nonstop maelstrom, his trusted friend, his best friend, Will realized. Now his lover. It tasted sweet in his mouth, thinking *My lover, Dr. Hannibal Lecter,* but not a temporary sugar rush like his previous admirations and one night stand disasters.

Hannibal, who every-damn-one in Baltimore’s most elite social circles would have fucking *died* to get underneath, was somehow here with him, saying his name like his own life had lacked meaning prior to *Will.*

And this charming, confident, devastatingly attractive man had no thought or desire towards Will proving himself or being the one to make all the pleasure happen.

In fact, Hannibal finally snapped when Will kept trying to return every one of his own gestures towards attention and pleasure with a sort of “reply,” imitating Hannibal’s moves or improvising a nervous one of his own.

“That’s enough. I know what you’re trying to do,” he insisted throatily when Will was breathless, full of Hannibal’s three fingers and trying weakly to offer fellatio. “I’ll fuck your mouth when *I* decide. Right now, I want to feel you, your body on the inside, how perfect, *perfect* you feel.”

“Me?” Will repeated, red-faced and shaking with pleasured nervousness. He felt like a spoiled brat, and helpless against his own greed.

Hannibal slowly withdrew his fingers, soothing Will with "hush, now, sweet boy" and more caresses when the sudden emptiness made him cry out. The doctor then added with a know-

it-all smile that might be obnoxious in other circumstances, but was hot as hell given the present ones, "And in answer to your previous question, yes, *you.* You are well aware I would have realized by now, if I had somehow mistaken you for someone else."

"That's true," Will laughed, he loved Hannibal's terrible jokes.

Hannibal returned his smile, then scanned the room. He reached for a bottle of aloe vera gel on the nightstand.

“How fortuitous you should have this near to hand,” he noted, with that coy yet professional tone he used in session. Will moaned in response, Jesus this was kinky.

Hannibal had used quite a lot of the aloe gel to lubricate his fingers earlier. So much lube that Will thought at first he must be kidding? But he’d been wrong, underestimating how tight he would be and how it would feel like a painful intrusion no matter how much he *wanted* to be intruded, and no matter how gentle Hannibal was. Even so, there was still half a bottle left.

Dr. Lecter could be very gentle when he wanted to be, Will reflected, but he knew when to be firm. If he had imagined a perfect lover, (which he never had because why set himself up for disappointment?) it would be Hannibal to the last detail.

At this point, he loomed casually above Will, knelt over his patient’s waist, lightly straddling, just enough for their cocks to slide together, dry contact that nonetheless made Will gasp. Every subtle brush of their hard, hot, dicks sent a small shock of teasing euphoria through Will. He hadn’t even known this was a thing, men putting their, well. Obviously he was out of the loop, but not for long…!

“I, I — ah! Had a sunburn a couple days back,” he explained shakily and belatedly between gasps.

Hannibal seemed content for the moment to drive him crazy with barely-there friction between their bodies and nibbling at his neck before biting harder and sucking without warning.

Letting his wrists remain limp under his lover’s fierce hold was novel and thrilling, he felt so protected — “F-fell asleep on the boat. I mean, that’s — ah, God, that’s why the aloe…”

He was babbling and they both knew it. Hannibal’s focus hadn’t shifted even a little from preparing Will to take him; he stared intensely at Will and slicked both their cocks with the gel.

“It has many uses,” he said simply, and then he was expertly grinding into Will, bringing their cocks to stroke together over and over, until even the prideful doctor was moaning loudly.

“I guess so,” Will gasped again, his eyes rolling back at the pleasure. “God.”

“I could come like this, make you come like this,” Hannibal informed him, kissing his mouth again as if he would tear Will’s soul from his body and swallow it. He kept grinding, making

the feeling of bliss build and resonate through Will's whole body. "I could shove my cock in your mouth and make you choke on it, baby. You'll look so very, very pretty doing that someday."

Will moaned and he thought he heard himself say "Please."

Hannibal gave him an approving smile at that, amused by his desperation but not immune to his novice desires and wiles. Far from it.

"I know you want it. You've wanted it for a while without realizing. I think I should fuck your sweet mouth in my office between patients' appointments, with little time to spare, and come right down your throat."

"Dr. Lecter," Will sighed and gasped, clinging to the man's coat, leaning up trying to catch every kiss he could get. "Please…"

"I could have you under my desk *during* an appointment, concealed from my patient, my cock warmed in your mouth for as long as I like. Your knees and jaw aching. Imagine the clarity of that, Will. Nothing to think of, no problem to worry about, just the all-important and centering job of making me feel good, which we already know you're *perfect* at accomplishing."

"I…wish I *could*…be perfect at it," Will admitted meekly, overwhelmed at the saucy scenarios Hannibal suggested, as much as the bigger man's insistent thrusting against his thigh now had him quivering with need. The animalistic rutting left a smear of precum on Will's skin.

"Do you, my dear?" Hannibal smirked. "Then I suppose I shall just have to teach you. Every detail of you already makes you a lover I could never resist. Even your fears and insecurities, even your awkwardness. You don't understand how terribly endearing you are."

"Glad you like that stuff, because I'm probably always gonna be. Um, awkward that is."

"You weren't awkward when you put ten bullets in Garret Jacob Hobbs," Hannibal reminded him.

Will couldn't even react to this shocking statement because immediately after saying it, Hannibal lined his cock up to Will's hole and started to press in.

The world became a blur of pain, then an explosive overflow of pleasure that seemed endless. Hannibal gasped and grabbed him, groped him and bit him, kissed his mouth and neck, mouthed at him, scenting him passionately, keeping the thrusts slow but deep once he was all the way in, showing Will that the doctor's fingers had only been a sneak preview of what it would truly be like, feeling *full.*

Then there was a moment of both of them realizing Will's body had ceased attempting any kind of resistance and was now more helpful than anything else. Hannibal could drive his cock in with a smooth, solid glide and make his fucking much more calculated, more intense.

With a hand deep in Will's hair, Hannibal bore down on him with harder thrusts, cursing hoarsely as his other hand dug nails into the younger man's shoulder.

Will was just a little ship in a huge storm, holding on for dear life. Even with the overwhelming barrage of sensations whipping his body and soul and feelings around like a hurricane he still found a second to realize, *He remembers. Which one of my shoulders has the injury.*. Hannibal had avoided putting any pressure or naughty pain on that side.

Dr. Lecter seemed to listen so carefully to whatever Will said, filing every random or compelling remark away in his memory, compiling all the facts about Will with hungry fascination. And Will wasn't even used to people being one hundred percent attentive when he spoke.

"You're so many things, Will," he muttered in the younger man's ear. He was pounding the boy now, his hips moving faster, the sound of their bodies slapping together getting so loud. Messily kissing Will's ear and neck, he added, "Shy, naughty, fearful, powerful. How could I not enjoy each part of you to the utmost degree?"

"How are you talking right now?" Will whispered, tears streaming down his face from the onslaught of bodily delight to which he was treated. "God, you're good, you're so good at this, *fuck.* Oh!"

"Yes. I am. And I agree that we've done enough talking."

With a stern look, a curl of his lip, he slipped from Will's body long enough to throw off his coat, then yank loose his tie, hurry so much with getting rid of his shirt that he broke a couple of buttons off. He threw it all on the floor and got back on top of Will as if he was starving to resume contact.

Will gaped at his impressive physique, and at the chest hair that made him seem so intimidatingly manly, yet so cutely human. It looked soft and he wanted to hide his face there.

Hannibal had very strong arms as well, muscular and meaning business when it came to Will. He pressed Will down into the bed by his pale, slender wrists and said gruffly, "Lie there. I don't want you to do anything else. You lie there and *take it.*"

Will nodded, terrified and excited and many other things he couldn't even understand or name.

Hannibal knelt and hooked Will's legs around his arms, making him feel very self-conscious. His body was half up in the air, legs suspended and feet dangling behind Hannibal's back. This, too, was weird, especially given that in the past Will had always been the one on top, and he'd never ever been bold enough to put a woman in this position.

This particular situation shone a light on the reason for his previous reluctance to take that strong of a lead. In a very overwhelming and *clear* way.

While Hannibal could get deeper at this angle, slowly pulling out to glide back in, he soon wanted more, made more impatiently demanding by the sounds Will made, the strangled,

awe-struck gasps.

His noises, which were embarrassing to him, seemed to send lightning through Hannibal's veins; the older man growled and lifted Will's legs in the air, higher, ramming his cock in mercilessly. He kissed and bit Will's calves, going on and on while the profiler mewled helplessly beneath him, the sheets a mess from both of their precum and all the lube.

Dropping one of Will's legs, Hannibal held the other over his shoulder and smirked, which let Will know he was definitely in trouble. *More* trouble, that is.

It was a position to fuck someone's brains out in, and he took another deep breath.

"You're beautiful like this and you should know it." Hannibal grasped Will's chin, as if to make him understand, and then leaned back and pummeled into him at breakneck speed.

His hair was totally messed up now, and he was like an alternate universe version of any Dr. Lecter Will had met before; he was still somehow very graceful, sensuous and elegant, but he was also unhinged, the savagery in his eyes base but more than that, somehow Will found a vulnerability there to match his own. It felt just as profound.

This was the biggest surprise, bigger than fucking his therapist on some random morning because all of a sudden neither of them could keep it in their pants anymore, bigger than someone this amazing and impressive wanting *him.*

Hannibal was pushing on through the dark waters of feelings he was frightened of in their intensity, and he felt *guilty* about something, definitely, Will could see that now. As if he, too, doubted his worthiness to be with this new lover.

It did something to him, seeing this, and what Hannibal was doing to him turned him inside out with bliss as the pressure on his prostate built and built, until he was fucked right into orgasm, his cock untouched,

Untouched that is, until Hannibal abruptly pulled out of him and dropped down to suck Will's cock with desperation, sloppy, dripping wet, slick sucking and licking, managing to drive Will's pleasure further over the edge. It was also really obvious that he wanted to taste Will's skin covered in cum and lap up every single drop.

"You," Hannibal said intensely, gripping Will's thighs, circling the head of his oversensitive cock one more time with a twirl of his savoring tongue. "What are you doing to me?"

Will didn't have a chance to answer, because he had a very important job to do apparently which was "just lie there and take it," and he was beginning to see that he was very good at his job, *thrived* at it actually.

This natural skill might explain why Hannibal lost control again on top of him, from behind this time, pounding into Will steadily and hard while Will clung to the pillows and cried, moaning.

“Yes,” he sighed and gasped as it went on to the extent Will never would have expected from a man in his late forties - early fifties (ish?) – who fucking *was* this guy?

Where was the reserved, calm, serene and above-it-all Dr. Lecter?

He fucked Will with all his might until Will felt he was going to split in two, and he grabbed the younger man’s neck to say roughly in his ear, “Do you think anyone can do this, be this good, *take* it like you do and like it?”

Letting go of Will’s throat, he slowed his thrusts but kept them deep, making Will aware that his pleasure was beginning to stir again, the fluttering, re-awakening sensation sore and too strong somehow. He *wanted* it.

“You’re *amazing,* Will,” Hannibal said, riding him slowly still, stroking Will’s back and hips, groping his ass. Not wanting it to end, drawing it out, which only deepened the tension.

“I love it,” Will informed him, a belated answer to Hannibal’s question. He was dizzy, delirious, seeing stars. He might just pass out and he didn’t care. He smiled hazily over his shoulder.

“What a pretty smile,” Hannibal enthused, but in a profane tone that served as the only warning Will received that he wasn’t done introducing the profiler to new experiences.

When he pulled out of Will, this time the younger man just expected another normal change of position that involved the bed, so it came as quite a surprise when seconds later he found himself wrapped arms and legs around a standing Hannibal, desperately clinging as if that would keep him upright.

However, this was proved an incorrect necessity; Will was held perfectly in place by Hannibal’s vice grip on his body while he fucked him, standing in the middle of the room, growling and flashing his teeth in almost a grimace of overwhelming pleasure. Will fell apart, whining and almost sobbing in the effort to take it, the hard fucking from this impossible, gravity-defying position, the turn-on that Hannibal was strong enough to hold him like this, hungry enough to do him this wildly.

Still, somewhere in all that delirious confusion, Will locked eyes with his lover and knew he could get push him even further. Feeling his own power with a rush of excitement he moaned softly, “Ohhh, oh…Dr. Lecter…”

Hannibal backed him up against the wall and kept going….and going….Will could not believe how long and energetically, or that he could feel this unbe-fucking-lievably good over and over, almost an hour now? Blearily, he looked past Hannibal at the clock on the wall.

Over an hour, actually – *God*--

Hannibal held onto Will only by his thighs, but so capably that Will wasn’t going anywhere, certainly couldn’t fall. He said roughly, “look at me,” pulling Will up higher so their eyes met.

Will's arms around his neck were shaking, but he held onto Hannibal firmly, living for this and dying by it with every long, deep thrust. He looked into Hannibal's eyes, scared and elated with the lust he found there that was so intense, it almost seemed angry. Or as if Hannibal was frustrated that Will *made* him like this, so nearly out of control and his comfort zone. They were both solitary creatures, but God, not now…

"You're perfect, just like this," Hannibal told him, "Don't ever forget it."

With that same hot and heavy look in his eyes he carried Will to the kitchen table where this had started, then lowered him down, placing him on the surface like a meal, ass close to the edge, legs up in the air again, ankles caught in Hannibal's roughly seizing grip.

"I'm going to come in you now," Hannibal muttered darkly, and it wasn't a question. "Get ready."

"Jesus," Will gasped, feeling an unexpected wave of arousal and pride at the thought of another man's cum in him, of Hannibal's–

Then it was happening, the rougher spasms of Hannibal's hips slamming into his ass, the older man's sharp teeth deep in his ankle as he hit Will's prostate repeatedly while spilling his seed. The warm feeling of being bred made Will high and sensitive as the fucking made him arch his back and come again with a loud cry.

"Dr. Lecter," he sighed, breathless. Trembling, naked on the tabletop, Hannibal having fucked him more until his body finally gave out and they had to stop. His legs were still lying open like the little slut Hannibal had called him, a few drops of cum which Hannibal hadn't managed to fuck back into him now dripping to the floor.

And Hannibal seethed at Will's words, his continued posture of whorish invitation. He slapped Will's face twice on each side, just firm enough to get his point across. "Be careful how you tease me, boy."

The slaps didn't hurt much, and more than anything they were a sign of unbearable passion. Will grinned, red-faced, his body buzzing with double afterglow. He'd never been fucked, but he was pretty sure that this had *not* been your typical gay lovemaking session. It felt like some kind of sexual olympics from which Hannibal recovered only to renewed lust and possessiveness.

"Sorry, it's just…you really like me," Will said honestly, feeling it was okay to be this open, feeling encouraged where rejection had always barred him in the past. "You *really* seem to like me."

"Terrible, naughty boy," Hannibal replied, but his tone had gone from coarse to much softer.

He picked Will up again even though it was obvious he was fucking exhausted. And he carried the younger man to the chair nearby, sinking into it and wrapping his arms tightly around the warm, quivering, baffled and sex-addled creature in his lap.

Will tried out nuzzling into the chest hair and it was even better than he expected. Hannibal smelled like his fancy cologne and *sex*, and he was still panting from his insane exertion, his own nose buried in Will's curls.

"Can't you see that I more than like you, didn't I tell you as much with my body as words could give you my soul?" Hannibal rested his cheek atop Will's head, still rubbing against the soft, messy curls, and Will realized that he wasn't the only one clinging like a fool that would never get a fourth date with that Tinder match. Hannibal was holding him in return as if his own life depended on never letting go.

Speechless, he listened to Hannibal's raging heartbeat.

"I love you, Will Graham, as I never believed I would love. And you, can you see me? Despite my subterfuge and even my manipulations, which I've still many to confess, despite the darkness I have not shared more than glimpses of, is it me you want?"

"Yes," Will whispered emphatically, caught in his thrall.

"I've hurt you," Hannibal confessed, pressing their foreheads together, cupping Will's face, stroking his ears. "And I'll hurt you again, even if I try to stop."

"I'll probably hurt you too." Will leaned back and looked at his face, nodded. "I love you." He kissed Hannibal, long and hard, expressing his certainty. He knew how to speak that language of volatile and tender physicality, too, it seemed.

"Then come away with me."

"What?" Will asked, slightly amused. "Where?"

"I mean it. Don't ask questions, it doesn't matter. All that does matter is being together. We can be on a plane by tonight. I'll explain everything in time, I'll share it all with you, we have so much to share, to see and do…it starts with your hand in mine and a flight from this life."

"Well, can we bring the dogs?" Will asked, a dopey smile on his face. Besotted.

Hannibal looked relieved. He kissed all over Will's face, softly frantic, "Yes, my darling boy, you may. I will look into the extra requirements for their travel."

"Would you give me anything I asked for?" Will was curious now.

"Even if… I want your heart." He bit his lip. He had not woken up in a blur of miserable disorientation and depression thinking that this would be a day his voice would frame such wildly bold words. But they were here, and this was real. "Say it again?"

"I love you," Hannibal repeated, kissing him soundly, hugging him close. "And I'll take care of you. We'll see a doctor first, about your fever. You must receive proper care and recover, then…we'll be sure to get you a few attractive hats and some strong spf."

"Huh?" Will blinked at him.

“You won’t get another sunburn on my watch, Will Graham, not on this splendid face.”

“My what?” Will laughed, “It’s not splendid, you’re–”

“Yes,” Hannibal insisted, kissing him all over it, “Yes, your splendid, stubborn face, your beautiful eyes, your mouth on mine, your body warm and bare against me. You, Will, that’s all I need hereafter, you and me and us.”

“You and me,” Will repeated, drawing back from the latest lingering kiss to clasp Hannibal’s face and stroke his smooth skin.

The sun spilled in from the window nearby and painted Hannibal in gold, finding a light in his eyes that looked beyond what natural beauty could achieve. Finally, Will felt grounded, living in the impossibility of this happiness. He felt safe, even in the roaring tumult of their lusts and loves colliding.

He grinned and nuzzled their faces together, Hannibal’s hands warm on his thighs. Everything so right. “You and me and us.”

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